FOUR TOPOGRAPHICAL LETTERS,

Written in JULY 1755.

Upon a JOURNEY thro'

BEDFORDSHIRE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, LEICESTERSHIRE, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, DERBYSHIRE, WARWICKSHIRE, &c.

FROM A

GENTLEMAN of *LONDON*,

TO HIS

BROTHER and SISTER in Town:

GIVING A

DESCRIPTION

of the COUNTRY thro' which he pass'd;

WITH

OBSERVATIONS

On every Thing that occurred to him, either Curious or Remarkable.

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE:

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The EDITOR to the READER.

THE *following* LETTERS *are a genuine Performance, as expressed in the Title Page; and perhaps nothing the worse for being written without any View of making them public: An honest unaffected Description, given without Study and Labour, seems best adapted to general Use, in writing upon Subjects of the Sort which these Letters contain, and can only fail of pleasing such Readers as prefer Ornament of Dress before Justness of Design, or are better amused with the Vagaries of Fancy than the Lessons of Truth.*

Our Author writ them in a Ramble thro' the Country, and in that Dissipation and Gaiety of Heart which Persons who travel only for Pleasure, commonly enjoy: His sole Aim was to entertain his most intimate Friends, at London, *with a faithful Narrative of all that occurred to him worth his Observation; his Style is therefore familiar, and flows without any Constraint or Affectation; the Expression is quite free, and the Diction generally easy, and plainly such as came readiest to Hand; always very descriptive and intelligible, and often entertaining, in a Manner that laborious Erudition is a Stranger to.*

Upon the Whole, as I think so full and so just a Representation of that Part of the Island thro' which our Author pass'd, has not before appeared, and having obtained his Leave to publish it, I do not doubt but, to all such as find Entertainment in hearing their native Country well described, this Publication will prove extremely agreeable, and they will wish, with me, that the Journey had been continued throughout Britain.

I. T.

LETTER I.

Nottingham, White-Lion, Sunday July 20. 1755.

Dear Brother and Sister,

AFTER a very delightful Journey of two Days, our Friend Mr *B.* and myself arrived here in good Health: And as I promised to give you a particular Account of every Thing I thought worth Notice in our Travels, without further Ceremony, I begin as follows.

WE set out *Friday* the 18th, at Five in the Morning, from *St John*'s Street, most miserably equipt with an old tatter'd Two-wheel'd Post-Chaise, and a Couple of founder'd Horses; the Harness was mended three Times before we finished our Stage at *Barnet*; but when we found both Cattle and Tackle belonged to a Collar-maker there, we were not surprised, concluding the Horses were only purchased for their Hides, which he took Care to wear sufficiently before they were converted into Leather. We set forward from thence somewhat better accouter'd for *St Alban*'s, where we breakfasted; and then proceeded in a Four-wheel'd Chaise thro' *Redborn* and *Market-Street* to *Dunstable*. We observ'd the Road between *St Alban*'s and *Dunstable* to be exceeding good, which

which we apprehended to be owing to the Use of broad Wheels, meeting with at least twenty such Waggons in this Stage.

FROM *Dunstable* we came to *Woburn*; where we took the Opportunity, while Dinner was getting ready, of visiting the Duke of *Bedford*'s Seat, called *Woburn Abbey*, situate (near the Town) in a Park, which is nine Miles in Circumference, surrounded with a brick Wall ten Feet high. Great Part of the Abbey is new built, being a Quadrangle of four regular Sides, having a large Court or Area within. The Rooms are not magnificent, but elegant enough: The Paintings which we saw, consist chiefly of old Portraits of the *Russell* Family; and a modern Piece of the present Duke and Dutchess, and two of their Children, which appears to be the Performance of a Master. The Gallery is at present only hung with old *Romish* Prints, and Plans of Foreign Towns; but as that Part of the House is not entirely finished, when compleated, it will probably be furnished in a better Manner.

IT being the Duke's public Dining-day, we were admitted into the Parlour, where the Table was set forth with the richest and most elegant Service of Plate that can be imagined, well becoming the State of its illustrious Owner.

BEFORE the main Front of the House is a large Bason of Water, seemingly about Half

Half a Mile round, on which floats a large Pleasure Yacht. Part of the Back Front is made Use of for Stabling. Here we had the Pleasure of seeing the Duke mount on Horseback for an Airing, who might be mistaken, by his Appearance, for a plain plodding Country Farmer.

THE Garden, adjoining the House, is very small and mean, poorly embellished by a few Rows of Orange Trees in Tubs, which are its only Ornament; and in the Middle is a Grass Plot and Alcove, where the Duke and Dutchess sometimes breakfast. At a small Distance from the Back Front, lies the Pleasure Ground, disposed of in Serpentine Walks, adorned with Tufts of Flowering Shrubs, and three or four Skittle Grounds. At the farther End is a Green-house, but indifferently furnished; and at a small Distance on the Right-hand, a *Chinese* Temple, not very remarkable for its Elegance. About Half a Mile from the House, toward the Town, is a Poultry Yard, and inclosed Places for breeding tame Pheasants and Partridges: Also a small Decoy [for tame Ducks;] and a Wilderness, inhabited by two Eagles in large wooden Cages.

FROM *Woburn*, (after Dinner) we set forward for *Newport-Pagnel*, where we took fresh Chaise and Horses for *Northampton*; about two Miles short of which we observed a handsome Stone Cross, called *Queen's Cross*;

it

it ſtands on a Hill which commands a good Proſpect of the Town.

NORTHAMPTON is a large Town, having four Churches and a ſpacious Market-place: The Houſes are built, chiefly of a reddiſh kind of Stone, hewn from Quarries near the Town, and have not a very elegant Look, but are durable; ſome Houſes in a Street Weſt of the Market-place having been built (according to their Dates) near 200 Years. The chief Things I obſerved worth Notice here, are the Great Church in the Center of the Town, the County Infirmary, and the Court-houſe, where the Aſſizes are held, which has a Conveniency for the Priſoners to be brought from the Priſon (which is adjoining) under Ground, and up through a Trap Door to the Bar where they are tried.

FROM *Northampton* we ſet out at Five the next Morning for *Market-Harborough*, where we breakfaſted, but found nothing worth Notice. From thence to *Leiceſter* we went in a Two-wheel'd Chaiſe, with a comical Boy for a Driver, who had all the Airs and Motions of a Horſe-Courſer, which he practiſed in ſo affected a Manner as gave us great Diverſion; a Monkey on Horſeback could not have cut a more droll Figure.

AT *Leiceſter* we dined, and ſurvey'd the Town and Market: There are many good Buildings, the Market is large, and well ſupplied, and the Town appears rich and populous.

lous. In the Market-place we could not but obſerve the ſad Effects of Party-differences; particularly in a noble Building intended for a Town-hall and Market-houſe, almoſt finiſhed ſome Years ago, but now running to Ruin; occaſioned, as we were informed, by Diſſenſions among the Magiſtrates. The like Effects of Party-rage diſcover themſelves by many Marks of Violence, which appear to have been committed on the Dwelling-houſes and Meeting-places of the Diſſenters, occaſioned by Conteſts at the late Election.

THE Great Church being open for Prayers, we went in, but found nothing remarkable there, except the Picture of *Charles the Martyr*, ſurrounded with Hierogyphics; ſuch as trampling on earthly Crowns and Sceptres, and reaching at a Crown of Glory, which an Angel is holding out; near him is a Palm Tree, with Dr *Dalby*'s Motto, *Creſcit ſub pondere!* A plain honeſt-looking Clergyman who was viewing it, told me, he thought ſuch Pictures did great Hurt, for they warmed the Zeal of *ſome People* ſo much, that they faſted more devoutly, and prayed with more Fervency on the 30th of *January*, than they did on *Good-friday*; and that *ſome People* paid greater Devotion to the Day whereon King *Charles* was beheaded, than they did to that on which Chriſt was crucified; and if they had Power, would compel all to be as devout as themſelves, or knock them on the Head. "What "is this (ſaid he) but faſting for Strife and

"De-

" Debate, and ſmiting with the Fiſt of Wic-
" kedneſs." I queſtioned my Companion, whether he thought this Parſon was a Whig or a Tory? For my own Part I could not think he came there with proper Principles for Church Preferment.

THAT Part of *Leiceſterſhire* which we came through, we obſerved to be an open Country, producing Plenty of Corn, but very deſtitute of Fuel; inſomuch that through many poor Villages as we paſt, we ſaw the Inhabitants had a Method of plaiſtering the Outſides of their Houſes with Cow Dung, which, as it became dry, they took off, and preſerved for their Winter's Firing.

FROM *Leiceſter* we took the Opportunity of the *Nottingham* Stage Coach, which was empty, and went through *Mountſorrel*, ſo named from a high Mount adjoining the Town, being a ſolid Rock, of a duſky red, or ſorrel-coloured Stone, ſo extremely hard and brittle, that no Maſon's Tool can form it into Shape, or poliſh to any Degree of Smoothneſs: Of rough Stones, hewn out of this Rock, the Town is built; which, tho' not very ſightly in Appearance, yet may vie with *Egyptian* Granite (of which 'tis ſaid the Pyramids are built) for Duration.

FROM *Mountſorrel* we went to *Loughborough*, where we baited, but found nothing worth Remark: From thence we travelled on through a pleaſant Country, adorned with

with many fine Seats, to *Nottingham*, of which we had a delightful View from a Hill, about two Miles before we came to the Town.

NOTTINGHAM appears to great Advantage, to a Traveller who approaches it from the South; being a large and well-built Town, ſtanding on the Declivity of a Rock: The great Church ſtands on the Summit, in the Center, and adds much to the Grandeur of the Proſpect; as does the Caſtle, which ſtands on another high ſteep Rock, South Weſt of the great Church: The River *Trent* runs from Weſt to Eaſt at ſome Diſtance from the Town, over which we paſſed on a Bridge of nineteen Arches, and from thence our Horſes waded through a deep Water near Half a Mile to the Town; we ſaw a large Stone Cauſeway, raiſed very high, on our Left-hand, which is open to none but Foot Paſſengers, unleſs when the Waters are impaſſable.

WE alighted ſafe at the *White Lion* Inn, famous for the Depth and Largeneſs of its Cellars, which are hewn out of the ſolid Rock. This Inn ſtands in the Market-place, which is ſpacious, and ſurrounded with [chiefly] good Buildings; tho' here and there is left an old, low, ill-built Houſe, which gives a Stranger room to ſurmiſe, the other Part of the Buildings were not always ſo elegant as at preſent. There is a ſmall Piazza on each Side the Market-place continued from

Street

Street to Street, which makes it pleasant to walk here in all Weathers, and view the Shops, which are generally large and well furnished.

SOON after we arrived, our old Friend *R. F.* (whom we found in good Health) took us to see the Castle, which is a modern square Building, belonging to the Duke of *Newcastle*. 'Tis situate on a high Precipice, and has a handsome Terras on three Sides: One of which commands a fine Prospect of the Town; the others, of the River, and an extensive View of the Country. At the North East Corner of the Terras, I observed a small Pair of brick Stairs went down Part of the Rock to the Door; which, on Enquiry, we found was the Passage into *Mortimer's Hole*, so called, from a Tradition that *Roger Mortimer*, Earl of *March*, attempted to secure himself in this Castle from the Resentment of *Edward* III. but finding the King likely to be too strong for him, he dug this Hole to the Bottom of the Rock, and made his Escape; but *Rapin* tells the Story much otherwise: However we sent for the Key, and passing the Door, we found a steep zig-zag kind of Staircase, with irregular Steps cut in the Rock, and small Crannies to let in the Light. We descended four or five of the Turnings; but having been informed it was a Quarter of a Mile to the Bottom, and no Passage out, we returned, finding our Curiosity sufficiently satisfied.

THIS

THIS Town is so remarkable for Rocks, especially on the South Side, that we observed a deep Flight of Stairs cut out of the solid Stone; and going down, we found on our Left-hand perfect Rooms hollow'd out of the Rock, one under another, which are inhabited by poor People; and on our Right, looking at the Tops of Houses, we saw Doors in the Gable-ends of the Roofs, which open into little Gardens; and we were informed they have Cellars cut in the Tops of these Rocks; which seemed to confirm what I had often heard, that "at *Nottingham* People "go up Stairs to their Cellars, and down Stairs "to their Garrets."

PASSING through one of the Streets, Mr *F.* shewed me a Watch-maker's Sign, on which was the following whimsical Inscription. "Here are sold all Species of *Trochiliæ*, "*Horadixos*; some circumgyrated by internal "Elators, some by external appended Pon-"dera; some linguacular and some taciturnal; "by the Maker, *Jos. Kirke*, from *Skegby*."

WE spent the last Night very agreeably with Mr *F.* his Wife, and our pretty Cousin *Ruthy N*——. The Morning we appropriated to divine Service: This Afternoon I devote to yours: In the Evening we expect our last Night's Companions; and To-morrow we set forward for *Chatsworth*, from whence I hope to write again: Till then, adieu! and believe me always to be,

Your very affectionate Brother, R. P.

LET-

LETTER II.

Edinsor Inn, near Chatsworth, Tuesday Evening, July 22. 1755.

Dear Brother and Sister,

MY merry Companion and I are just arrived at this Place, in good Health and Spirits. We set out Yesterday Morning from *Nottingham*, in a Two-wheel'd Post Chaise, for *Mansfield*, over the Forest of *Sherwood*; of great Renown in ancient Times for the Exploits of bold *Robin Hood* and his Gang of Robbers; but at present remarkable for nothing but a deep sandy Road, (through which our Horses moved with the Agility of Tortoises) and a Desart, overgrown with Heath and Fern. The poor Inhabitants make a scanty Livelihood, by gathering the Fern and burning it, the Ashes of which they sell for making Soap. We passed by a fine Seat of Lord *Byron*'s at *Newstead*, and got to *Mansfield* to Dinner.

HERE we met with a Difficulty how to get any further; one Chaise only was to be had in the Town, and that an open Four-wheel'd one with a Coach-box; but no Driver was to be found, except the Hostler of the Inn, a raw ignorant Fellow, not a Descendent of the Family of *Jehu*, and who knew not a Step of the Road: However, we made

made a Virtue of Neceſſity; and being informed he was ſober, and would be careful, we accepted him, and alſo took a Guide to conduct us by *Balborough* to *Cheſterfield*.

We entered *Derbyſhire* at a little Town called *Plieſley*, and arrived about Six in the Evening at *Balborough*. We ordered our Man to drive to the Hall, (about a Quarter of a Mile from the Village) which was formerly the Seat of Sir *John Rhodes*, Bart. the only Man of Title I remember to have heard of among the *Quakers*. The preſent Poſſeſſor is *Gilbert Rhodes*, Eſq; who received us very politely, tho' we were Strangers to him: On explaining what it was that excited our Curioſity to call there, and our Intention of going to *Cheſterfield* that Night, he kindly forbad us to think of it, and inſiſted on our tarrying with him all Night, urging the Wetneſs of the Evening, (it continuing to rain, as it had done moſt of the Afternoon) and the Length and Badneſs of the Road to *Cheſterfield*. We could not long withſtand his Solicitation, but accepted his Offer, diſcharged our Guide, and the Remainder of our Equipage was, properly taken Care of. After drinking Tea, we viewed the Houſe, which is an ancient ſquare Building, with Turrets at the Corners, and Battlements round it: Its Antiquity is beſt diſcerned from a Chimney-piece in the Great Hall, where are the Effigies of *Q. Elizabeth* and Sir *Francis Rhodes*, with a *Latin* Inſcription, informing us that he was chief Juſtice of the Common

Pleas

Pleas in her Reign: What else attracted our Notice, were two Busts in *Basso Relievo*, one of *William Penn*, and the other of Sir *John Rhodes*. After surveying the House and Gardens, we went to see his Stable and Hunters, paid a Visit to his Dog-kennel, and walked through several of his Grounds, and a fine Grove of Oaks, till we were informed Supper was ready; which was plentiful and elegant, and plainly shewed us, Old *English* Hospitality to Strangers is not quite extinct; at least, not in *Derbyshire*. After smoaking a social Pipe, and drinking a chearful Bottle, we retired to Rest: In the Morning we breakfasted with Mr *Rhodes*, and received a hearty Invitation to spend a Day or two; which we excused ourselves from with more Energy and Success than we were capable of the Evening before. He took Leave of us with a most hearty and friendly Complaisance, and sent a Servant to conduct us into the right Road to *Chesterfield*, some Part of which is Turnpike, but all the Way most miserably bad.

NEAR *Chesterfield* we observed a Vein of Coal, along the Side of the Road, which, if nearer *London*, would have been of great Value; but Coal is so plentiful in this Country, that 'tis delivered for Three-pence Halfpenny or Four-pence a Hundred Weight: And both Coals, and Pigs of Lead (another valuable Commodity) lay plentifully strewed about in the Villages we passed through.

CHSTER-

CHESTERFIELD is a large Town ſtanding on a Hill, and has a conſiderable Market-place; the Houſes are, for the moſt Part, neither regular nor beautiful, being built of rough Stone, and covered with ordinary Slate: The Church has a tall Spire covered with Lead; but by ſome Accident it has been ſo conſiderably warp'd, as to have a diſagreeable Appearance from every Side. Here we dined at the *George* Inn, and after Dinner hired a Guide, and ſet forward for *Chatſworth*.

WE ſoon had a Taſte of the *Peak* Country, being pretty well prepared for it before by rocky Roads. We followed our Guide over Hills upon Hills, where Trees and Hedges are as ſcarce as Churches, and nothing to be ſeen about us but Multitudes of huge Stones ſticking out of the Earth, from three to five Feet high, and ſome higher, and from five to 15 Feet in Breadth; of theſe, Millſtones are made, called Peak-ſtones. When we were got to the Top of the higheſt Hill, our Guide told us, that on a fair Day, (which happens but ſeldom in this Country) we might from hence ſee *Lincoln* Minſter, which muſt be at leaſt forty Miles diſtant. From this Hill we rather deſcended towards *Chatſworth* Park, but found the Roughneſs of the Road increaſe upon us: We therefore thought it beſt to alight and walk; and chuſing a ſtraiter Path, where the Chaiſe could not go, we ſtepped down from Stone to Stone, which are laid as regularly as poſſible, not only for

the

the Conveniency of Foot Paſſengers, but Pack Horſes, of which we ſaw ſeveral going down before us loaden. From *Cheſterfield* to *Chatſworth* is ſix computed Miles, which we were four Hours in travelling, and with exceſſive Labour to the Horſes.

We ſent our Chaiſe forward to *Edinſor* Inn, while we went to view this fine Seat of the Duke of *Devonſhire*, together with the Gardens, Groves, and Water-works; all which have employ'd abler Pens than mine, and I ſhall be puzzled to deſcribe them in ſuch a Manner as will give you a tolerable Idea of them, and far ſhort of the pleaſing one which thoſe enjoy who ſee them.

The Houſe is large and lofty; built of Stone hewn from Quarries about five Miles diſtant, and equal in Whiteneſs to *Bath* or *Portland*: Its Form is quadrilateral; the Roof is flat, ſurrounded with a handſome Stone Baluſtrade: The four Fronts are richly decorated with Pilaſters, together with the Capitals, Cornice, Freeze, and other Parts of the Entablature, in the *Corinthian* Order. The Windows are lofty, and glaz'd with Plate-glaſs; each Square being large, and ground with a bevil Edge, and the Frames gilt. In ſhort, the exterior Parts of the Building and Ornaments, have altogether a moſt ſtately Appearance. 'Tis ſituate in a fruitful and delightful Valley, enriched with ſuch a Variety of native Beauties, that Poets have been very laviſh in

in its Praiſe; and Hiſtorians have almoſt outgone the Poets in giving a Looſe to Fancy in their Deſcriptions of this Place. *Hobbs* of *Malmsbury*, tho' in no high Repute among Chriſtians for his religious Sentiments, has employ'd his Pen, with more Credit, in a poetical Deſcription of this, among the other Wonders of the Peak; in a *Latin* Poem, entitled *De Mirabilibus Pecci*: And *Charles Cotton*, Eſq; who ſeems to have borrowed many of his Obſervations on this dreary Part of the Country from *Hobbs*, has yet beſtowed ſome ſuperadded Eulogiums on this Place. But as I purpoſe to give you my own Obſervations on this and the other Wonders which I intend to viſit, I ſhall be very ſparing of their Helps, unleſs where their Poetry may ſometimes heighten the Narration; and therein I hope you will excuſe my quoting a Paſſage for Illuſtration, or to ſhew you that thoſe People who have been here before us, conceived of the Wonderfulneſs of them juſt as we do. Excuſe this Digreſſion; *Chatſworth* will never want Admirers; it is certainly an enchanting Place; tho' as *Cotton* juſtly deſcribes it,

Environ'd round with Nature's Shames and Ills;
Black Heaths, wild Rocks, bleak Crags, and naked Hills.

Entering the Court Yard, which is on the North Side of the Houſe, we aſcended a few Steps into the Hall, which is lofty, and finely adorned with Paintings of *Roman* Hiſtory, by the celebrated *Vario*; particularly over the Entrance, is a curious Repreſentation of the Murder of *Cæſar* in the Capitol. At the fur-

ther

ther End of the Hall are two Flights of Stairs from the Sides, which winding round, meet and form a Gallery at the Top; the Balusters are of Iron, of excellent Workmanship and gilt: Between the Stairs and underneath them, is formed a fine arch'd Door-case, which leads to the inferior Rooms and Offices; the whole view'd from the Entrance appears extremely scenical and picturesque. Having mounted the Stair-case, and turned round, we had a fine View of the Picture I mentioned, which is then upon a Level with the Eye.

FROM thence we entered the grand Apartment; the second of which is the great State-room, and truly magnificent, being richly furnished, and adorned with curious Paintings; from the Cieling hang two large Chandeliers of Silver gilt: The other Rooms are, according to their several Purposes, equally magnificent, and well furnished: That called the *Queen of Scots Apartment*, is decorated with fine old Tapestry in Landscapes; and there is one Cieling painted with emblematical Figures, to commemorate the crushing of the Rebellion in 1715, equal to any thing of the kind I ever saw. The Chapel is not gaudy, but prodigiously rich: The Pavement is of the finest Marble; and the Wall embellish'd with the most noble Paintings of *Vario*, representing several Miracles of our Saviour, not in a glaring Manner, but in Stone Colour, the Pillars heighten'd by Streaks of Blue and Gold resembling *Lapis Lazuli*.

WHEN

WHEN we had feasted our Eyes with the Beauties of the House, (which the ingenious Mr *Cotton* was so far from attempting to describe, that he only says of them,

The Rooms of State, Stair-cases, Galleries,
Lodgings, Apartments, Closets, Offices;
The Pictures, Sculptures, Carving, Graving, Gilding,
Would be as long describing as in building.)

We retired for some Relaxation into the Gardens, where the continued mizling Rain, and Hazinesſ of the Weather, served somewhat to quell the Eagerness of our Curiosity, and compose the Hurry of our Spirits: For as a considerable Part of the Beauty of the Gardens consists in the Variety of Water-works; a serene Sky, and warm Weather, would have contributed more to heighten the Enjoyment, than when the Fountains of Heaven were set open to play against them; even as *the cool Grotto's artful Shade*, is not so soothing in Winter's Frost as in Summer's Sunshine: But yet as there was no Likelihood of our having a better Opportunity, we embraced the present, resolving to make the Pleasure as diffusive as we could.

TOWARD the North East, rises a very high Mountain, thick planted with different Kinds of Trees, whose Heads appearing one above another with Leaves of various Green, form a most beautiful hanging Wood, of prodigious Height; which put me in mind of *Milton*'s Description of the Boundaries of Paradise.

——————over-head up grew
Insuperable Height of loftiest Shades;
Cedar and Pine, and Fir, and branching Palm,
A sylvan Scene; and as the Ranks ascend
Shade above Shade, a woody Theatre
Of statliest View appears.

On the Summit of this Mountain, Northward, stands a Summer-house, which appears over the Tops of the Trees like an old Tower of a Country Church, and sets off that Part of the Prospect to great Advantage. Due East from the House about a Furlong, is the Grand Cascade, which falls about the like Space down a very easy and regular Slope betwixt two Woods. At the upper End of the Cascade is a Hexagon Temple about thirty Feet high; on three Sides of which, next the Cascade, are the Figures of *Flora*, *Ceres*, and *Pomona*, with their Emblems or Symbols. From the Top of the Temple issues a Flood of Water, which covering with rolling Waves the whole Dome, falls down with great Rapidity and Noise like a Cataract; from the Symbels of the Figures likewise spout divers Kinds of Fountains; and before the Front of the Temple two Jets arise in Form of Fans; afterwards the whole of this Water rushes down the Cascade, and has a most grand Effect: To see the Torrent rolling down, and covering the Temple like a Sheet, the Fountains gushing up with expanded Arms to meet it; and all together come tumbling down the *head-long rough Cascade*, appeared very amazing! and as my Companion expressed him-

himſelf, *ſeem'd one aggregate Congregation of dancing Fluidity.* At the Bottom of the Caſcade lie a great Number of looſe irregular Stones, among which the Water runs, and is immediately loſt.

FROM hence turning Southward, we walked along an Avenue thro' a Grove of tall Pines, which brought us to a kind of Wilderneſs, in the Middle of which a Fountain riſes on a Pedeſtal about five Feet high, and falling regularly round the Top, forms a Bell, and appears like a large Glaſs Punch-bowl inverted; from many Places among the Trees, other Fountains iſſue in curve Lines, which they call the Battery, and perhaps may be a proper Repreſentation of a *French* maſk'd Battery; theſe play on the Punch-bowl; and as faſt as they break it in Pieces, it automatically joins and mends itſelf again. At a ſmall Diſtance is the Repreſentation of a weeping Willow, the Leaves of which continually drop with Water, and the Limbs and ſmaller Branches ſend forth a great Number of Fountains, all which in fine Weather muſt be very charming; but to us who were pretty well cool'd by the Rain, it afforded but a middling Aſpect: We therefore thought it Time to get to our Inn, as we had met with no Refreſhment ſince we left *Cheſterfield:* So we waded thro' the wet Graſs, and in our Way came to one of the great Canals, where two *Jets d' Eau* were playing; and the Gardener (if I miſtake not) in-

inform'd us they cast the Water seventy Yards high.

THIS is the best Account I can give you of *Chatsworth*, which is very imperfect, but rendered more so, than otherwise it would have been, by means of the Weather. *Chatsworth* I think may well deserve the Compliment which that merry Monarch *Charles* II. is said to have paid it, *viz. That tho' it would break a Man's Neck to get to it, it would break his Heart to leave it again.*

FROM the Garden we went over a handsome Stone Bridge, crossing the *Darwent*, which runs on the West Side of the House; the Stream of which at this Time, by the Rain washing the Soil from the Mountains, look'd of the Complexion of Coffee. We are now, as I observed at first, arrived at our Inn; and while my Companion is taking a comfortable Nap by a rousing Fire, in order to get an Appetite to his Supper, I have made use of the Opportunity in writing to you, and assuring you how much I am,

Your affectionate Brother,

R. P.

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LETTER III.

Birmingham, Saturday Evening, July 26, 1755.

Dear Brother and Sister,

MY last was from *Edinsor* Inn, which I hope you have received: I shall now proceed to give you an Account of our Adventures after leaving that Place till our Arrival here.

WEDNESDAY Morning (the 23d) we set forward at Eight o'Clock in our Chaise, with a Guide on Foot to conduct us through a pathless Desart, to a Village about fourteen Miles distant, near which are two of the Peak's Wonders, *Mam Torr*, and the *De——l's A——se*. In our Way thither we passed by *Bakewell*, which lies in a deep Valley, and appears from the Hill we went over, (which looks down directly upon it) to be a considerable Town, having a large Church and lofty Spire. We passed by another rich and pleasant Valley, called *Mannsel Dale*, when descending the Hill we came to a Village, called *Ashford*: Here we dismounted, and walked to a famous Marble Quarry, about Half a Mile off, belonging to a very ingenious Gentleman whose Name is *Watson*: He has erected a Water-mill of his own Invention near the Quarry, where the Marble is at once saw'd out and polish'd; the Mechanism of which Mill is worth a Traveller's

veller's Obſervation, the whole Work being of ſo ſimple and eaſy a Conſtruction, and anſwers every Purpoſe ſo well, that a ſlight Deſcription of it may not be unacceptable. In the Beam which runs croſs the Roof of the Mill, a Mortice is cut, into which is inſerted perpendicularly a Piece of Wood, faſtened in the Mortice with an Iron Pin, ſo that it may move backward and forward like the Pendulum of a Clock: At one End, a large Block of Marble being fixed in a proper Pit, a Number of Saws (anſwerable to the Thickneſs of the Block) being fixed to this Pendulum, are employ'd to cut it into ſo many Slabs as the Thickneſs of the Block will allow; At the other End of the Machine, the Slabs of Marble, already ſaw'd, are laid flat; and the ſame Motion of the Pendulum draws a Poliſher over their Surface; at the ſame Time a ſmall Cog-wheel moves the Slab Sideways, that the whole Surface may be poliſh'd alike. Before the Slabs are brought hither for poliſhing, they are laid under a large horizontal Shaft, where the Surfaces are ground ſmooth from the Saw. The Marble of this Quarry is black, but bears ſo fine a Poliſh, that in the great Room at *Edinſor* Inn, we obſerv'd a large Slab placed in a gilt Frame, over a Chimney-piece, which is by many miſtaken for Looking-glaſs. We were ſhewn ſeveral Slabs and Chimney-pieces of different colour'd Marble, the Produce of other Parts of the Peak, all finely wrought and poliſh'd, and ſome Marble Tables in-

inlaid with lucid Petrifactions, which are both rich and beautiful. Mr *Watson* likewise shewed us several Vases and Urns fit for Ornaments of grand Rooms, made of the different colour'd Marbles and Petrifactions, all of curious Workmanship; we contented ourselves with purchasing some Handles for Knives and Forks of the different Sorts, as a Sample of their Curiosity.

DURING our Stay here, our Charioteer got a Wheel mended, which had been dislocated by the Obduracy of the Roads: All Things being set to rights, we remounted, and ascending the Hills, looked round in vain for a Bush or Tree, the Mountains appearing quite barren, or, as my Fellow Traveller expressed it, *Fertile in nothing but Stone*; of which a good Use is made: For as the Vallies are full of Corn, or fine Pasture, the Inhabitants make Inclosures with the Stone, which they call Hedges; which are seen for many Miles round from the Tops of the Hills, and appear like the Ruins of old Fortifications. Proceeding further over the Hills, we discovered several Lead-works; and observing some People labouring at one of them, we quitted our Chaise to pay it a Visit: On entering a kind of Shed, we perceived a large Hole like the Mouth of a Well, where the Ore is drawn up; for which Purpose, a large Wheel or Shaft is work'd by Horses, in a round wooden Building, which they call a *Cupola*, adjoining to the Shed; the Entrance

into

into the Mine is at a considerable Distance in the Side of the Hill, to which our Curiosity did not lead us. The Ore when drawn up, appears like a Heap of Dirt and Stones mix'd together; this the poor People, Women and Children, put into Tubs, and washing the Dirt away, they pick out the Stones, and with great Pains of searching and sifting, find a little Ore, which is laid by in separate Parcels, according to its different Value, this seems very hard Labour; and the poor Women told us, they must work very briskly at it to earn a Groat a Day.

From hence we passed through a Village inhabited by those poor People, consisting of about a hundred Cottages; not built like a Street, but scatter'd in an irregular Manner, forming indeed a most romantic Scene. The Inhabitants appear'd so poor and wretched, the Land about them so barren and stony, so unsheltered from Wind and Weather, and so remov'd from the Comforts and even Necessaries of Life; that reflecting on the Difference of Condition between the People here, and those who with equal Industry live in rich and populous Cities, affected me with Pity for their hard Lot! Yet it is possible the Wants and Anxieties of these, may be fewer and less than those; and Health and Contentment may compensate and make ample Amends for what we might otherwise account a desolate and unhappy State of mere Existence: The Boundary of true Felicity in this Life, is to

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be content in the Station which Providence has allotted us; and however we may judge of Happineſs in others, meaſuring them by our own Deſires, we ſhall be ſure to err: God is juſt and equal in all his Ways; and,

What happier Natures ſhrink at with Affright,
The hard Inhabitant contends is right.

Excuſe this moralizing Tranſition, I ſhall now proceed. We travelled on without any thing to attract our particular Attention, except the dreary Mountains, at great Diſtances round about us, peeping their bald Pates over one another, till we came to a View of *Mam Torr*, a Mountain higher than the reſt; and only notable to us, for the Side next us being ſteep, and ſeemingly of looſe Earth. What is wonderful of it (according to the Report of our Guide) is, that notwithſtanding the Earth, accompanied ſometimes with huge Stones, is continually tumbling down, yet the Mountain never ſeems to diminiſh.

Leaving *Mam Torr* to the North, and coming at Length to the Summit of a Hill, we ſaw *Caſtleton* in a deep Valley beneath us; at this Place we alighted from our Chaiſe, and with great Care of our Footſteps, ventured directly down; while the Chaiſe for more Safety fetched a Circuit round Part of the Hill. Being arrived ſafe at *Caſtleton*, (which would be a tolerable looking Place, were it not for the Poverty of the Inhabitants, being indeed a Town of Beggars, whoſe chief Dependence for Subſiſtence is on every curious

Traveller who comes to visit the Place) after having taken Care of our Cattle, we ordered a Joint of Mutton for Dinner, the best Provision the Place afforded. We soon found a Guide ready with Candles to conduct us to the horrid Cavern, called the *De——l's A—se*; or, as the Inhabitants more politely phrase it, *Peak's Hole*: It luckily happened, that another Company, consisting of seven Gentlemen and Ladies, were just arrived with the like Curiosity to explore the dire Abyss: We readily agreed to join our Companies, in order both to lighten the Expence, and chear up one another's Spirits; for Courage is best exerted in Concert, and especially where Ladies bear a Part in the Adventure.

THE Cave lies behind the Town, about a Quarter of a Mile from the Inn. On approaching it, and before we could see the Entrance, we came to the Foot of the Mountain, which is divided with a sort of Clift, from whence it is said to take its Name. Walking about a hundred Yards on level Ground, the Hill rises sharply on each Side, forming almost a Circle round us, the Front is a ragged perpendicular Rock of amazing Height, with here and there a few Shrubs and Bushes, fitly inhabited by Kites, Daws, and Screech Owls. On the Top, and at the utmost Verge of the Rock, stands a Castle, from which the Town takes its Name. I could obtain no Account either when or wherefore this Castle was built, its Si-

Situation not being calculated for either Offence, Defence, or Safety; but its Antiquity and Situation add to the horrible Solemnity of the Place. On our Left-hand we saw another Precipice beneath us, with a running Water, not akin to the purling Rills and Silver Streams, the Haunts of sighing Nymphs and love-sick Swains, as described by the Poets; but a Brook, black and dismal as Styx or Acheron: We view'd this Brook and the impending Rock with Awe and Astonishment; till our Attention at length was taken off, and turned to the Entrance of the Cavern; the Sight of which, occasioned one of our Company, an *Oxford* Scholar, to break forth, *Oh! how tremendous!* And I could hardly help contrasting good old *Jacob*'s Words, and crying out, *How dreadful is this Place! Surely this is no other than the Habitation of Devils, and this is the Gate of Hell!* And indeed no one could have thought otherwise, who had been brought suddenly to the Place, and seen how we were attended by Infernal Hags, and Imps of Darkness.—— You have seen the Weird Sisters in *Macbeth*; the Witches in the Sorcerer; the Fairies that pinch Sir *Hugh*; and *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*, who stick close to *Trapolin*; collect their Figures in your Imagination, and you will have a right Conception of the Creatures that attended us.—Of these we had near a hundred, with lighted Candles and wretched Countenances, standing ready to conduct us into the Cavern, which I am now to describe.

THE

THE extreme Top of the Arch, as near as I could guess, is about forty Feet high, and the Width at Bottom about double the Height; it appears to be the Work of Chance or Nature, and not to have had the Hand of any human Architect in its Formation, tho' the Sweep of the Arch is not altogether irregular, but something in the Gothic Taste. When we were enter'd with our Myrmidons, we saw on each Side divers Huts, and Women busy at their Spinning-wheels before their Doors; in the Middle a Packthread-Spinner's Ground, where divers Men and Boys were at Work. Passing by them about a hundred Yards, the Roof declines and comes within about three Feet of the Ground, which obliged us to stoop very low to get through; but after creeping Sideways about twelve or fourteen Yards, the Roof rises again, and advances to such a Height, that we could not discern the Top with all the Lights we had: At about fourscore Yards farther, the Roof declines again lower than before; and here we arrived at the first River, as it is called, but it seems to me a standing Lake of Water, which continues under the low Part of the Rock to the Opening on the other Side. Farther than this, few Travellers care to go: Nay, that unbelieving Philosopher, *Hobbs*, declares none can or ever did go farther; and treats all Accounts to the contrary as Fiction: Excuse my quoting a few Lines from the Translation of his Poem, where he describes the Entrance of the Cave to the River,

Ma-

Making our Entrance with confused Lights,
Two Rocks, with crooked Backs, drove from our Sights
The Beams of Day, and bending down below,
On All-four force us thro' their Arch to go;
Until at length the slow and humble Source
Of a dark River crossing, stop'd our Course.
" * Thus far we went, beyond it none can have
" The least Admittance."

Suffer me to subjoin Mr *Cotton*'s Account of this River,

——— to a silent Brook at last you come,
And there the Rock its Bosom bows so low,
That few Adventurers further press to go;
For, who will pass, in double Danger's bound,
Rising he breaks his Skull, he's stooping drown'd:
Thrice I the Pass attempted with Desire,
And thrice I did ingloriously retire.

But to proceed to my Narration. As I had got to the Place before my Company, I turned round to look for them; but a Sight so uncouth and dismal I never beheld before: They had just rear'd themselves upright from the first mentioned Rock, and as they came forward, look'd like a grand Infernal Funeral Procession; in the Front marched a Gentleman in Black, with a Candle in each Hand; after him three Ladies, each with one Hand on a Woman's Shoulder, and in the other a Light; in like Manner came the rest, attended by a Multitude of Lights on each Side, directing their Feet over the wet Sand, slippery Rocks, and loose Stones: Thus they marched forward with slow and solemn Pace, their Heads reclining on their Breasts; not as a

* His own Words are, *Huc nobis, ultra nulli licet ire.*

a Mark of Sorrow, but to mark their Footsteps: When they were arrived at the Brink of the River, an old Man, of venerable Aspect, appear'd in the Character of *Charon*, to know who would be ferried over? The Company looked silently on each other; but none seemed prepared for a Voyage to the other World: At length our Coachman, who had escaped the Plague of a Wife and four Children, thought it no greater Hazard to venture another Leap in the Dark; and therefore informed the old Gentleman, that he was ready to go with him; accordingly the Boat was dragged to the Shore, which was not like one of the Boats of this World; being indeed no other than an oval Tub or Cooler, about six Feet long, four wide, and one deep; and for the better Accommodation of Travellers, the Bottom was strew'd with Straw: Into this our Man got, and extending himself on his Back, took Leave of his Friends, and was fairly launched off: The Boatman jumped into the River, and wading up to his Middle, tow'd his Fare to the Rock, and shoving the Boat under it, we immediately lost Sight of him.

When the honest Driver had thus made his Exit, great Part of the Cavalcade returned back, in the same solemn Pomp they came hither; for my own Part I could not be satisfied to return without attempting the Passage: But as the Boat, which was now returned for another Freight, appeared too shallow to support my Weight, I enquired if

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there was no other Way of pervading this horrible Dungeon, and was shewn at the Brink of the River, a dirty Hole, full of loose Stones, and not bigger than an Oven's Mouth; thro' this Place, I was inform'd, those who did not chuse to go by Water, might travel by Land; not on Foot, but on their Hands and Knees, crawling Sideways, like as you may have seen Crabs by the Sea-side among the Crevices of Rocks.

I WAS left to my Choice, and therefore casting myself forward, I tried how the dirty rough Pavement would agree with the Temper of my Hands; being thus prone, I at once concluded it best to foot it away on my Hands and Knees, which I did till I came to about the Middle of the Chasm, and there I found my Back rub against the Rock, while my Wastcoat-Buttons graz'd along the rough Stones at Bottom; being encouraged by a Person before me, who told me I had but a little farther to go, I scrambled on to the End; nor indeed was the whole Way above eight or ten Yards; but, (as Sir *John* says) it was to me threescore and ten Miles, by the Fatigue I underwent in travelling it.

BEING fairly got through, and helped upon my Feet, by some kind of Christian Devils that I found attending, I lift up my Eyes and beheld afar off, through the dark Region, a Company (surrounded with glittering Stars) of what might be mistaken for celestial Beings, whether Cherubims or Seraphims, could not be

be judged at that Diſtance; but immediately they tun'd their ſhrill Throats, and chaunted a divine Hymn moſt melodiouſly; the Concert was very agreeable and muſical, to which the Echo reſounding through the high and hollow Vault did not a little contribute; it ſeemed ſomething like that which *Milton* deſcribes at the raiſing *Pandæmonium*,

——————— the Sound
Of dulcet Symphonies, and Voices ſweet.

If my Aſtoniſhment was great at ſeeing the Mouth of the Cavern, judge what it muſt be when I had got thus far, and ſeeing what I now ſaw: Indeed my Spirits were fluttered, and in great Confuſion; the Scene was ſo new, and ſo unexpected, that I was at a Loſs to gueſs, whether I had awoke in that undiſcover'd Country, *from whoſe Bourn no Traveller returns*; or whether I was not now in a Dream: All about me was total Blackneſs, except the few glimmering Lights that attended me, and at a great Height and Diſtance others like twinkling Stars; betwixt us a vaſt Abrupt, an empty Void, or Gulph of horrid Darkneſs. However, after wiping my Face, which was plentifully bedew'd with Sweat, notwithſtanding the ſtriking Coldneſs and Dampneſs of the Place, I was informed by the Guide, (who appeared like *Evangeliſt* in the Pilgrim's Progreſs) that thoſe Apparitions I had ſeen in the Air, were no other than a Collection of about a Dozen Lads of the Town with Candles in their Hands; that

that what I heard, was a *Christmas* Carrol; that the Place they were in, was the highest Part of the Cavern, and called the *Chancel*, to which they clamber'd, over the Rocks; that its perpendicular Height was about thirty Yards, and the Distance about fifty; that it was their Custom to entertain subterranean Adventurers with those Cantations; for which they would expect some Gratuity at our Return.

LEAVING them, we march'd forward till we came to the second River, over which there was no Bridge, nor the Convenience of a Ferry-boat; and therefore no other Way of crossing it, than by wading, or being carried over on the Guide's Back: As I found myself too hot for wading, and the Alternative might have subjected me to being soused over Head and Ears, the Bottom being full of large, loose, and slippery Stones, I thought it Time to suspend any further Curiosity, and began to consider how I should get back again, there being no other Way out than that we enter'd in by.

WHEN we got back to the Hole of the Rock, the Guide desired me to stand still awhile and compose myself, and when I crept thro' not to be in a Hurry; I took his Advice, and found the Way less difficult than at first. One Observation let me make here, which is, that after a sudden and heavy Rain, the River rises to a considerable Height, so as

to prevent any Paſſage under the Rock; and if ſuch an Accident had happened while I was there, it would have been impoſſible to come out till the Waters were abated, which might not have been for ſeveral Days: I was informed of this when we came back; had I known it ſooner, I ſhould ſcarcely have been ſo fool-hardy, it being now a very ſhowery Seaſon. Mr *Cotton*, who ventur'd farther in this Cavern, (according to his own Account) than any Man before him, takes Notice of this in the following Manner:

But ſoon I felt a new Acceſs of Pain,
Now I was here, how to get back again;
For if the Water ſhould ſix Inches ſwell,
'Twou'd render all Retreat impoſſible.

Thus my Ignorance incouraged me to encounter an Adventure, I ſhould otherwiſe have ſhuddered at the Thoughts of; but

Unſeen the Danger, we eſcape the Dread.

My Companion received me with Joy; and now having waſh'd my Hands in the River, and wip'd the Dirt from my Cloaths as well as I could, we returned with cautious Steps, till at length, to our inexpreſſible Pleaſure, once more our Eyes were bleſt with Day-light. When we were fairly got out of the Cavern, thoſe little Imps of Quiriſters, and the old Hags of Guides ſurrounded us, as the Devils did Dr *Fauſtus*, when the laſt Hour was expired of his League with *Lucifer*; and like him we ſeemed in Danger of being ſwallow'd alive or torn to Pieces, if we had not paid

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considerable Contributions for our Candle-light Entertainment and Dismission: After which they made us Presents (for what we pleased to give them beside) of divers Petrifactions, Spar, Ores, and Fossils; of which they find great Variety in this and the other Caverns and Holes of the Rocks.

WHEN we came back to our Inn, other Strangers were alighted, some of whom (as the House was not furnished with the best of Accommodations) were introduced to dine with us; they consisted of —— *B*——*t*, Esq; Nephew to a Lord of that Name, his Lady, and a young *Welch* Clergyman; who had travelled hither from *Wales*, to see if there could be found more hideous Places than his own Country afforded. Sometime after Dinner we remounted our Chaise, and were conducted by our Guide back over the same Hill we came down; when turning Westward we passed within Sight of the Town of *Tidswell*, famous for containing the fourth Wonder of the Peak, which is a Well (from whence the Town takes its Name) that ebbs and flows at uncertain Seasons; for which Reason we thought it not worth our Whiles to dance Attendance to its Inconstancy. We therefore bore away more to the Right-hand for *Elden-Hole*, the fifth Wonder: When we came within a Mile and a Half of it, we dismounted, as there was no Road for a Carriage, the Hills being full of large Stones, sticking out of the Ground like the grey Weathers on *Marlborough Downs*.

WE

We found *Elden Hole* surrounded with a Stone Wall to prevent Cattle from tumbling into it; the Wall appears to be new-raised; and seeing the Farmer just by it, who holds the Land, he inform'd us he had lost two fat Oxen down the Hole, within the last two Years; for which Reason, he said, he had walled it round: With the Farmer's Assistance, who pulled down some of the Stones, we gain'd Admittance, and soon perceiv'd the Wonder we came in Search of. Mr *Hobbs* calls it (in Contradistinction to the last Wonder we saw) *Obscœnæ conscia virgo figuræ*: We could see nothing remarkable but its being a huge Gap or Chasm in the Earth, probably the Effect of an Earthquake; it appears to be entirely Rock; the Length of it is about five Yards, and the Width in the widest Part three Yards; the Top of it is somewhat higher than the Surface of the Earth, and the Mouth very jagged and uneven. I lean'd over and look'd down as low as the Light enabled me; how far lower it goes than I could see, I cannot inform you; but I apprehend it must be wonderous deep, because 'tis wonderous dark. Mr *Cotton* describes this as very terrible Place to behold:

> Steep, black, and full of Horror, that who dare
> Look down into the Chasm, I must declare,
> If he betray no Fear, is certainly
> A better Christian, or a worse, than I.

I confess it was not to me so horrible: I got the Farmer to throw down some great Stones

as

as big as he could lift; in their Passage I saw them strike the Rock, and bound from Side to Side, till I lost Sight of them, and could hear the Sound sometime after, which, as the Stone descended, decreased gradually, till it ended in a Murmur. I cannot learn that the Depth was ever known: Mr *Cotton*, who fathom'd it, gives the following Account of his Experiment:

How deep this Gulph does travel under-ground,
Tho' there have been Attempts, was never found;
But I myself, with half the Peak surrounded,
* *Eight hundred fourscore* and *four* Yards have sounded;
And tho' of these, *fourscore* return'd back wet,
The Plummet drew, and found no Bottom yet.

THIS Part of the Country is called *Peak Forest*, and is the only Forest in *England*, I suppose, that has got scarce a Bush or Tree in it.

FROM hence we made the best of our Way to *Buxton*, and found it a paltry Village, which would not be known but for its famous Wells. Being Strangers, and depending on our Guide's Recommendation, we did not put up at the Wells, where, as we were afterwards informed, are good Accommodations; but inn'd at the *Eagle and Child*, where we supp'd in a publick Room, it being the Custom of the Place, with about twenty-five others, Men and Women, chiefly Travellers between *Manchester* and *London*: After Supper the Company divided into Parties, and we spent

* *N. B.* Four Yards more than half a Mile.

ſpent the Evening very agreeably till Bed-time.

NEXT Morning (*Thurſday*) we roſe betimes, and our Chaiſe having ſuffered a ſecond Fracture from the violent Shocks of the Roads, ſo that the Carriage was ſplit almoſt aſunder, while our Driver was getting it mended, we went, with a new Companion whom we picked up at the Inn, to viſit *Pool's Hole*, the ſixth Wonder of the *Peak*; which, as it does not appear ſo curious as *Peak's Hole*, therefore I ſhall not trouble you with a long Deſcription of it.

POOL'S HOLE is about half a Mile from *Buxton*; there are a few ſtraggling Cottages about it, inhabited by poor People, whoſe Livelihood is gain'd by ſhewing Strangers the Place; but as we came early, we were not much crowded with them; however, three or four Women ſoon got Candles and ſhew'd us the Way. This Cave lies at the Bottom of a Hill called *Coitmoſs*, but the Entrance into it is very different from the former; for this is almoſt hid among Buſhes and Brambles, and ſo very low, we were obliged to creep with our Hands on the Ground to get in: After we were enter'd we found it lofty enough, for in many Places we could not ſee the Roof. *Peak's Hole* is very cold and damp; but this is extremely ſo; and the continual dropping of Water upon us made it very unpleaſant and troubleſome; this Water, be-

being mixed with ſome kind of petrifying Juices from the Rock, which is of Lime Stone, has formed Abundance of odd Shapes which the Country People have given Names to. Over the Entrance we were ſhewn *Pool*'s Bed-chamber; on the Right-hand, his Kitchen; and a little further on, his Saddle, which is a large Piece of petrified Matter joined to the native Rock, and is ſomewhat in the Shape of a Pack-ſaddle; beyond that, we were directed to his Chair, pendulous from the Roof; and juſt by it a Flitch of Bacon, hanging in the ſame Manner, and both look'd as if they would tumble upon our Heads: Beſides theſe, we were ſhewn a Lion and an Ape, 'Squire *Cotton*'s Haycock, *&c.* all of the ſame Materials, and as much like what they are ſaid to repreſent, as they are like any thing elſe. I aſk'd my Guide who this *Poole* was? She told me he was a great Robber that uſed to harbour in this Cave many Years ago, ſhe could not tell in what King's Reign.

We were now got about 200 Yards into the Cave, ſtill clambering up Rocks ſo wet and ſlippery, that I really thought there was Danger of falling and breaking our Limbs; and if we had got a Tumble, I don't know who would have pick'd us up, for the Rocks are very ſteep and ragged, and on our Left-hand a frightful Precipice where we could ſee no Bottom. As we were ſtill aſcending, I aſked how far it was to the Queen of *Scot*'s Pillar, which is reckoned the moſt curious Thing here, it being

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(according to Account) a petrified Column of considerable Height, spangled with glittering Spar or Ore, and transparent; tho' I have since learnt, the Curiosity has been considerably magnified; the Women informed us it was about as far again as we had already come, and higher up all the Way; that from thence we should descend about as far again, being about half a Mile in Length, and then come back thro' the Bottom, which would be easier walking. I ask'd my Companions whether they chose to go forward or return back: Their Curiosity seemed satisfied as well as mine, and they chose the latter; so we faced about, and got out again as clean as we could. At the Mouth of the Cave, divers Females were attending with Basons of Water and clean Towels; (a Ceremony not used at *Castleton*) we washed our Hands, paid the Fees of the Place, and bought a few of their natural Curiosities, among which were some small Chrystal Stones of an oblong Figure, naturally squar'd, and which runs to a fine Point at each End; these are called *Derbyshire Diamonds*, and are found on the Peaks, not by digging, but in Mole-hills, where they are cast up. We hasten'd back to our Inn, to shift and smug ourselves up, in order to visit the Well, the Bath, and the Ladies upon the Walks.

BUXTON Well is the seventh and last Wonder of the Peak; famous for a hot and a cold Spring; so contiguous, that a Person may put his Finger into the hot, and his

Thumb

Thumb into the cold at the same Time; so History informs us; of the Truth of it I am [not] a Witness: But bathing in, and drinking the Waters, is recommended by Physicians as an excellent Remedy in nervous Disorders. This Place was formerly called *St Ann's Well*, where many miraculous Cures were said to be perform'd: It lies at the Bottom of the dirty Village of *Buxton*; the publick Baths are at a publick Inn, which, by Way of Preheminence is dignified and distinguished by the Name of *the Hall*: It is a large commodious House, and a great Deal of good Company resort to it in Summer-time and stay a Month or two for the Benefit of Bathing, or the Pleasure of the Country for Air and Exercise; there is Plenty of Grouse or Moor-game for Gentlemen that love Shooting; and Trout and Grayling for those who like Fishing; in short, there is no want of Diversions, and the Manner of living is easy and not expensive. They are accommodated with a good Assembly-room, in which the Company dine and sup together; after Supper they have generally a Ball. The Well is about a Stone-cast from the House, cross a dirty Lane; which is covered with a handsome Building to shelter it from the Splash of the Road, being the Section of a Rotunda; the Inside of which is paved with Brick, and the Well steen'd round with Stone: A young Female attends to dip the Water, which I tasted, but do not think it so warm as that of *Bristol*, much less than that of

Bath. The Walks are adjoining the Well, and are contained in a Field of about an Acre, almost circular; bounded on one Side by a pretty River; on the other, by the aforesaid dirty Lane: The Walks are not of Grass or Gravel, but of pure natural Earth, strew'd over with fine Ashes to prevent the Soil from sticking to the Ladies Shoes: On the Side next the River, stands a large Temple, dedicated to the Goddess *Cloacina*; in the Middle, a Mount is cast up and planted with Trees and Shrubs; and to enliven the Scene, a Number of tame Rabbits run scutting about, hiding themselves among the Bushes and Nettles, to the high Amusement and Entertainment of the Company. Finding but few Ladies on the Walks, (six or eight at most) we returned back to our Inn, disappointed in our Expectation of finding *Buxton* a grand and brilliant Place.

HAVING discharged our Reckoning, we set forward for *Matlock-Bath*. The Road is a Continuance of the same Scene, naked Hills and desart Dales: Nothing worth Notice occurred, except the vast Number of Pack-horses travelling over the Hills, of which we counted sixty in a Drove; their chief Lading is Wool and Malt, which they carry cross the Country from *Nottingham* and *Derby* to *Manchester*. We dined at a lone House, called *Pike-Hall*; and were so badly put to it for Water, that none could be got for the Horses on any Account; so that the poor Beasts were obliged to travel five Miles further, till they

were

were ready to drop, before we could meet with any in this dry and barren Land. Travelling on, at length we descended the Hills to a Town call'd *Bonsal*, encompassed with high Rocks like Sea Cliffs: Passing through the Town, we went down a steep and rugged Hill, on the Left-hand of which runs a clear Rivulet, which, as it descended with great Impetuosity, form'd the most delightful natural Cascade I ever saw. From hence we passed along by this Chain of Rocks to *Cromar*, or *Cromford*, which is also surrounded by them: In this Town there is a large Smelting Furnace for Lead, which was the first we had seen, but had not Time to pay it a Visit. Many fine Chrystal Springs issue from the Rocks, which forming themselves into little meandering Streams, run tho' the Street, and joining at the Bottom of the Town, fall into the *Darwent*: I mention this Plenty of Water, to lug in an Observation I made of an ingenious Blacksmith, who had contrived a Water-wheel on one of these Streams to turn his Grindstone. Travelling about Half a Mile further, we arrived at *Matlock-Bath*; and here we were made sufficient Amends for the Disappointment we suffer'd at *Buxton*.

MATLOCK-BATH is indeed a most beautiful Place; happy in its Situation, for those who love a peaceful Solitude, or would divide their Time betwixt that and agreeable Society: It seems calculated in the due Medium between the gay Flutter and Extravagance of

Bath

Bath and *Tunbridge*, and the dull, dirty, lifeless Aspect of *Buxton* and *Epsom*; abounding with every thing that tends to Health and rational Pleasure: Further than this it has not to boast; and beyond this, Happiness is sought for in vain.

MATLOCK-BATH consists of one uniform Range of Buildings; except an Out-house of handsome Lodging-rooms, nearly adjoining, and the Stables, which are out of Sight of the House. In the first Part of the Building are two Baths; one for Gentlemen, the other for Ladies; the Entrance and Dressing-rooms are quite distinct; the Ladies Bath is arch'd with Stone about ten Feet above the Surface of the Water, which makes the Place cool, and renders it impervious to every Eye but their own: Over the Baths are the Lodging-rooms, for the Convenience of those who most constantly bathe. Beyond the Bath, on the Ground-floor, is a Range of Rooms, each capable of entertaining a dozen People; at the further End is a large Kitchen and Servants-hall. In the Middle of the Building, is a grand Stair-case, fronting the Top of which, is the Music-room; on the Right-hand is the Assembly-room, which is large and commodious, having a Passage out on the Side of the Hill, which rises to a great Height, and shelters the Back-part of the House. As the Company who come to this Place, are, for the Time being, one Family, they breakfast, dine, and sup together in this Room. On the

the Left-hand of the Music-room are Bed-chambers, and others on the Floor above.

BEFORE the Front of the House runs a spacious Terras; from whence a few Steps bring you down to a level Grass-plot, convenient for the Company to walk or play at Bowls on, as they like best; and at the Edge of the Green is built a Dwarf-wall, beyond which descends a rocky Shelf to the River *Darwent*, which is here very wide and rapid, and runs with a murmuring Noise, greatly increased by the Repercussion of the Sound from the high Rocks that over-hang it; the highest of them called *Matlock-Torr*, a Person near the Place told me he had plumb'd, and found the Perpendicular 123 Yards, being 10 Yards higher than the Top of St *Paul's*. On one Side of the House is a Grove of lofty Trees, on the other a delightful shady Lawn, called *The Lovers Walk:* In short, the whole Place is surrounded with agreeable Landscapes, fine Woods, pleasant Walks, high Rocks, steep Hills, and romantic Views; which, together with the constant rolling of the *Darwent* Streams, render it a perfect Paradise.

TOWARDS Evening we strolled by the River Side, about a Mile to a pretty House at the Foot of a Rock, call'd *The Boat-house*; we found the Landlord a facetious Fellow; who, after drinking to better Acquaintance, grew very sociable, shewed us his Garden, the Wall of which, he told us, is one solid Block of

of Marble, and, for ought he knew, was a Mile thick: We found it, on Enquiry, to be a Vein of grey Marble, ſuch as we had ſeen at *Aſhford*, and that at ſome Diſtance is a Quarry from whence it is hewn: He afterwards ſhewed us his Houſe, and a neat Aſſembly-room, where Company from the *Bath* frequently come to drink Tea, and have a Concert; there being a handſome Orcheſtra furniſhed with a Harpſichord and divers other Inſtruments: Sometimes the Company go in the Pleaſure-boat on the River, and have a Concert of *French Horns*, &c. which muſt make fine Harmony among theſe Rocks. He told us, his Company of Performers was at preſent but thin; but that, if we liked Muſic, his Daughter and himſelf would endeavour to entertain us; accordingly, ſhe on the Harpſichord, and he on the Violin, play'd us half a Dozen Pieces in a very agreeable Manner.

ABOUT Seven we return'd back to the *Bath*, where we found ſufficient Amuſement till Supper-time, by obſerving the different Employments of the Company: Some were loitering on the Terras, ſome frolicking on the Green, ſome ſauntering in the Grove, and ſome amuſing themſelves in the Lovers Walk. In the Great Room ſome Ladies were employ'd at their Needle, while others were as buſy at Cards: I obſerved this Difference; thoſe who were at Work had the happieſt Flow of Spirits, and were the chearfulleſt of the Company. About a Quarter before Eight,

Eight, a Servant rang a great Hand-bell on the Terras, which we found was Notice to the Company that Supper was ready; about ten Minutes after he rang again, which was to inform them Supper was ſerving up. We ſat together at one Table, and *ſupped by Day-light*: The Company conſiſted of about two Dozen of Ladies, and two Thirds of a Dozen Gentlemen. When Grace was ſaid, and the Company ſeated, a Band of Muſic play'd for ſome Time: The Supper, which was plain, and plentiful, being ended, the Bell was a third Time rung, on which the Company aroſe, and being diſmiſſed by their Chaplain, formed themſelves into Parties, ſome to Cards and ſome to Country-dancing: As neither of theſe ſuited my Companion or Me, we retired to a private Room, chatted over the Pleaſures of the Day, ſmoak'd a Pipe, drank a Pint, diſcharged our Reckoning, and went to Bed.

WHAT makes *Matlock-Bath* ſtill more agreeable; is, that beſides the Place being pleaſant, and the People who reſort to it polite, there are no extravagant Charges annexed; the Company pay nothing for Lodging or Bathing, let them ſtay ever ſo long or ſhort a Time; and the ordinary Expences are Three Shillings a-day for Meals, including Tea in the Afternoon: And tho' there is neither Maſter nor Miſtreſs of the Houſe, there is found the moſt courteous and complaiſant Behaviour from the Attendants, and the whole

Bu-

Business is conducted with the utmost Politeness, Decency, and Oeconomy. The Reason of its being thus managed, by Servants, we were informed is, that the *Bath* Rooms, House, *&c.* being new Erections, and render'd so compleat at a great Expence, by the Subscription of divers Gentlemen round the Country, who are now the Proprietors; at first they could not let it at any Rate, nor since at the Rate they set upon it; for having tasted the Profits, and finding their Dividends amount to more *per ann.* than by any Rent that had been offered, they chuse to continue it to themselves in the Manner it is.

I HOPE you will excuse my dwelling so long on the Description of this Place: I admire it greatly, and my Companion left it with great Reluctance; but our Time being fixed, we set forward next Morning (*Friday*) for *Derby*.

RETURNING back by *Cromford*, we mounted the Hills for four or five Miles, leaving the Town of *Wirksworth*, in the Valley on our Left-hand. On these Hills we found the greatest Number of Mines, this Part of the Country abounding with Lead and Copper Ore; we observed they use a Method in tracing every Vein of Ore, whereby each Miner is ascertained in his Property: We could not discover the Method they use in tracing the Veins, but the Manner of marking them is by sticking small forked Sticks of about a Foot long, at certain Distances

ſtances, where the Vein runs crooked, each Stick mark'd with the initial Letters of the Miner's Name, and theſe they call *Poſſeſſions*; ſo that no Perſon dare move theſe Marks, or dig acroſs or into other Veins, under a ſevere Penalty. From theſe Hills we deſcended to a Village, called *Braſſington*, where we breakfaſted; and having diſcharged our Guide, ſet forward for *Derby*, 14 Miles off, along a good Turnpike Road, which has *Guide Stumps* (or as we call them, Mile Stones) all the Way. We obſerved nothing worth Notice in this Part of our Journey, except a View as we paſſed along, of the Houſe and Park of Sir *Nathaniel Curzon*; it ſeems a good old Seat, and the Park abounds with Wood and Water. We had now loſt Sight of the dreary Mountains of the Peak, and the Proſpect was changed to a beautiful and fertile Country of green Encloſures.

We ſoon arrived at *Derby*, where we din'd and took a View of the Town, which is large, and has divers good Buildings, eſpecially about the Market-place, which is ſpacious; and, it being Market-day, and St *James's* Fair likewiſe, the Town appeared populous and lively. We went with Intention to ſee the famous Silk Mill; but it being Holiday, we returned diſappointed. We were obliged to tarry here ſome Time longer than we intended, in order to have our Chaiſe mended the third Time, four Spokes of one Wheel having, by the Violence of the Roads between *Matlock*

and *Brassington*, been wrench'd by the Fellies; the mean time we spent very agreeably with our Landlord, who was a pleasant sensible Man, and a Person of some Consequence in the Town, being (as we learned afterwards) senior Alderman, and had been twice Mayor of the Corporation: He gave us a very entertaining and succinct Account of the Rebels Behaviour while in that Town in 1745; when, being Master of the Post and Excise Offices, he was put to his Trumps to secure the Government's Money from their Hands; and his own Person and Property were in great Jeopardy on that Account. When our Chaise was set to rights, he very kindly accompanied us to the End of the Town, and wishing us a good Journey, we proceeded for *Burton upon Trent*, along a fine bowling Turnpike Road, running some Part of the Way on the Banks of the River *Trent*, which appears there, about the Width of the *Thames* at *Hampton*.

BURTON consists of one long regular Street, at the Top of which is a cross Street, forming a T; at the End of the cross Street is the Bridge, supported upon 37 Arches, and at least a Quarter of a Mile in Length, tho' it has not a very stately Appearance, the Arches being equally too low, and too narrow. At this Town we fared cheaper than at any other Place in our Journey: We ordered two Fowls for Supper, and had beside, a Dish of Tarts, and

and Cheese and Butter; for the whole of which, including Bread and Small Beer, we were charged but Eight-pence a-head, and a Groat for our Servant. Here we lodged, and next Morning discharged our *Mansfield* Vehicle, and took a Post-chaise for *Litchfield*, where we arrived about Eight o'Clock to breakfast. My Companion, during this Stage, was violently afflicted with the Head-ach; so that we were obliged to lay by till after Dinner, hoping the Disorder would go off by Rest.

DURING this Time, I went to visit *Litchfield* Cathedral, which is indeed a fine old Structure; the Outside so excessively decorated with carv'd Work, that you can scarce look at any Part, but your Eye lights on a Saint, or a Monster, no two Figures being alike: The very Water-spouts are carv'd into the Shapes of Apes and Monkeys, or Dragons and fiery Serpents, belching forth *Flames of Rain-water*. The West Front has a large Window, remarkable for the Excellence of its Workmanship, and is adorn'd with the Effigies of the Kings of *Israel* and *Judah*, with proper Emblems or Signatures, such as *David* with a Harp, *&c.* Some of them are very much defaced by Time, and one entire Row has lately been taken down: These Statues are not fixed in Niches; but each stands on a fine wrought Pedestal projecting from the Wall, with *Gothic* Canopies over their Heads. It is observable from those taken down, that they have been work'd up with,

and

and into the Wall, and could not have fallen so long as the Wall had stood. Over this Front are two lofty Spires, and a third more lofty over the Nave of the Church.

On the Inside of the West Front is an Inscription, informing us that the Cathedral was originally founded by *Oswy*, King of *Northumberland*, A. D. 606; that it was afterwards destroy'd and re-built; and who the Persons were that rebuilt and repaired it till this Day. On each Side the Choir are divers very ancient Monuments, the Inscriptions on which are almost wholly defac'd; but the Mitres and Croziers, which plainly remain to be seen, shew they were the Tombs of the ancient Bishops of this Diocese; the Inside of the Choir is plain, having but few Ornaments to decorate it. Here are the Remains of an old tessulated Pavement, which appears much more ancient, tho' not so elegant, as that which surrounds St *Thomas a Becket*'s Tomb at *Canterbury*: But I could not find any Part of the Pavement checquer'd with Cannel Coal and Alabaster, in Imitation of black and white Marble, which I had somewhere read of.

There are some Remains of a Wall surrounding this Part of the City, which is divided from the other and far greater Part, by a River and divers large Meadows. I saw nothing else remarkable in *Litchfield*; it appears a well-built genteel Town, and has not any Thing to render it disagreeable but the Party-dissensions and Squabbles of the Inhabitants.

After

AFTER Dinner, my Companion finding himſelf ſomewhat better, we mounted a Poſt-chaiſe for *Birmingham*, where we arrived ſafe about Five o'Clock this Afternoon, and were kindly received at the Houſe of our worthy Friend Mr *P*——. Here I ſhall reſt my Pen for the preſent, for inſtead of a Letter, you ſee I have wrote a Hiſtory; if it tires you as much in the reading, as it has done me in writing, I may be fairly excuſed from any more. But not to offend your Patience with further Circumlocution, I conclude,

Your very affectionate Brother,

R. P.

LET-

LETTER IV.

Warwick, Thursday Evening, July 31. 1755.

Dear Brother and Sister,

I Purpose in this Letter to give you as brief a Detail as possible, of the Manner in which we spent our Time, after our friendly Reception at *Birmingham*, to our Arrival at this Place. I ended my last with an Account of our being got to *Birmingham* on *Saturday* last; where, after the usual Salutations and Enquiries, and a Dish of Tea, which set my Companion's Head quite to rights, we walk'd in Mr *P*——'s Garden, which consists of two Parts; a handsome Flower-garden about half an Acre, square, and walled in; neatly laid out, and as neatly kept; on the Left-hand stands a convenient Summer-house, opposite to which is a Gate, opening to a long Grass-walk, having a Row of Fan Elms on each Side, with Borders of various Kinds of Plants and Flowering-shrubs; this Walk parts the Fruit and Kitchen Garden; at the End is another Walk on the Left-hand, with Rows of tall Fir-trees, *&c.* The House stands at the extreme End, and on the highest Ground of the Town, over which the Garden commands a good View of the Country on that Side for some Miles.

Miles. Being destin'd to abide here, we spent the Evening with Mr *P.* and his Son, Mr *S. L.* jun. Mr. *T. K.* of *Newberry*, and another Gentleman, who was till then a Stranger to us, but of that agreeable Sort, with whom one soon grows acquainted: Our Supper was elegant, our Wine good, and the Evening was spent very chearfully.

THE next Morning (*Sunday*) we employ'd like good Christians; and after dining with our kind Host, reconnoitred the Town, which is another *London*, in Miniature: It stands on the Side of a Hill, forming nearly a Half-moon; the lower Part is filled with the Work-shops and Ware-houses of the Manufacturers, and consists chiefly of old Buildings; the upper Part of the Town, like St *James's*, contains a Number of new, regular Streets, and a handsome Square, all well built, and well inhabited; besides two Chapels, and Meeting-houses for every Denomination of Protestant Dissenters. There are two Churches; one in the lower Part of the Town, an old Building, which has a very tall Spire; the other is a very grand modern-built Church, having a square Stone Tower, with a Cupola and a Turret above it: There is in this Tower a curious Peal of ten Bells, which are set with Chimes, and play seven different Tunes, one for each Day in the Week, and are much more musical than any Chimes I ever heard before.

WE

We walk'd about a Mile out of the Town, to a Place called *Dudſton*, formerly a Gentleman's Seat, but now converted into a public Garden for muſical Entertainments: It has ſeveral ſhady Walks and Arbours, and is adorn'd with Statues, and a neat Orcheſtra: In the Middle is a large Bowling-green; and as the muſical Entertainments are perform'd but once a Week, the Gardens at other Times are free to walk in, or play at Bowls.

Next Morning *(Monday)* we went to ſee Mr *L*——'s Slitting-mill, which is too curious to paſs by without Notice: Its Uſe is, to prepare Iron for making Nails; the Proceſs is as follows: They take a large Iron Bar, and with a huge Pair of Shears, work'd by a Water-wheel, cut it into Lengths of about a Foot each; theſe Pieces are put into a Furnace, and heated red-hot, then taken out and put between a Couple of Steel Rollers, which draw them to the Length of about four Feet, and the Breadth of about three Inches; from thence they are immediately put between two other Rollers, which having a Number of ſharp Edges fitting each other like Sciſſars, cut the Bar as it paſſes thro', into about eight ſquare Rods; after the Rods are cold, they are tied up in Bundles for the Nailors Uſe. We din'd and ſpent the Evening (after walking again to *Dudſton)* at Mr *L*——'s.

Tuesday Morning, we went, accompanied by our Friends, to viſit the Seat of

William

William Shenstone, Esq; near the Village of *Hales-Owen*, about five Miles from *Birmingham*. Mr *Shenstone* has render'd his Name famous in the literary World, by divers excellent Pieces of Poetry of the pastoral Kind, and an incomparable Imitation of *Spencer*, in a Poem call'd *The School-Mistress*: His Ambition seems bounded within his Fortune; he lives on a paternal Estate, which, tho' not very large, he finds sufficient for more than the Necessities of Life, the Enjoyments of it, in a manner agreeable to a Poet and a Philosopher: He seems just such a one as Mr *Pope* approves the Life of, in his Ode on Solitude.

> Happy the Man! whose Wish and Care
> A few paternal Acres bound;
> Content to breathe his native Air
> In his own Ground.

He has laid out very pleasant Walks round his Fields, which are confined to the Hedge-side, without encroaching on the Pasture, and at proper Distances has placed Seats which command delightful Views over different Parts of the Country, each Prospect being terminated by some agreeable Object; either a Church, a Village, a Gentleman's Seat, or a remarkable Hill; over each Bench is inscribed in *Latin* or *English* some apt Verse, which our Haste would not permit us to transcribe; but I have seen divers of them in the 4th Vol. of Poems lately published by *Dodsley*. Two Cascades are here remarkable for their Beauty and Simplicity; exceeding many Things

of more coſtly Workmanſhip, having the Advantage of unaffected Nature on their Side, and are indeed ſo elegantly rude, ſo rural and romantic, as muſt inſpire the Beholder with a Notion, that the poetic Deſcriptions of *Arcadia* and *Fairyland* are not altogether Fictions. We obſerv'd divers Urns of the *Roman* Kind, with Inſcriptions to the Memory of ſeveral of his deceas'd Friends, particularly one to the Memory of *William Somerville*, Eſq; and another to Mr *Pope*'s. Groves, Grottos, Root-houſes, and Gothic Temples heighten'd the Scene; ſo that we had two Hours very agreeable Amuſement in ſurveying this Place. Mr *Shenſtone* met us in our Return, and kindly invited us to his Houſe; but having other Pleaſure in View, we excuſed our Non-acceptance of his kind Offer, and taking Leave, mounted again, and proceeded five Miles further to *Hagley*, the Seat of Sir *George Lyttelton*, Bart.

HERE again, as in deſcribing *Chatſworth*, I ſhall be at a Loſs to do Juſtice to my Subject; but my Comfort is the ſame here as there: that, as you are not acquainted with the Place, you will not perceive, and will therefor ereadily paſs over any Omiſſion in the Deſcription.

THE Houſe, which is ſituate in a fine Park, is both ancient and ruinous, and does not ſeem ever to have been a grand one; but a new Edifice is building, at a ſmall Diſtance from the other, and at preſent raiſed but to

the

the first Story, which, by the Plan, appears intended for a grand and sumptuous Seat. At a small Distance is a large Piece of Ground walled in, which contains a very noble Pleasure Ground or Shrubbery, and Kitchen-garden; both of which surpass, in Use and Elegance, any thing of the kind I had ever before seen; the Shrubbery particularly, has the greatest Variety of native and exotic Plants of any other; and the chief Gardener who attended us, appeared an Adept in his Business; not only aquainting us with the Name and Nature of each particular Plant and Flower, but also the Culture, Soil and Climate suitable to it, and was altogether a civil sensible Man. This Survey took us up above an Hour before Dinner: After dining at our Inn, we returned to satiate our Curiosity more fully.

A LITTLE Way from the old House, stands the Chapel, or (to speak more properly) the Parish Church of *Hagley*: It is very small, but also very neat: The Windows, which are in the Gothic Taste adorn'd with old painted Glass, being broke in some Parts, they have been taken out and finish'd anew with fresh painted Glass, in Checquer-work of various Colours. At the Sides of the Chancel are two noble Marble Monuments; one to the Memory of Sir *George*'s Father; the other to his late Lady: The Inscriptions on both, and the Monody on his Lady's Death, wrote by Sir *George*, are Monuments which will remain much longer than the Marble.

HAVING

HAVING found the Gardener again, we walk'd up the Park, which aſcends all the Way, and is furniſhed with a Wood of as tall ſtout Oaks as are to be found in *England*. Our firſt Reſt was at an Alcove; in the Front of which deſcended from the Hill a very fine Caſcade, which falling on our Right-hand, ſupplies ſeveral large Fiſh-ponds, ſhelter'd by the Woods. Advancing from hence, we ſaw at a conſiderable Diſtance on the ſame Side another Alcove, which the Gardener informed us ſtood on a favourite Spot of Mr *Pope's*; and that this Alcove was erected to his Memory, being call'd *Pope's Seat*: Taking a Round to avoid the quick Aſcent of the Hill, we got up to it, and could not but approve the Poet's Choice: The back-part being turned to the South, is ſhaded with a Grove of Oaks, which continues round the Slope to the Eaſt and North. In the Front lies a fine ſloping Lawn, the favourite Receſs of a numerous Herd of Deer; better ſuited both for Repoſe and Paſture, than the more open parched Plains: On the Left-hand, towards the Weſt, is as fine a View over the Tops of the Trees, a-croſs the Valley, as the Eye can be delighted with.

CONTINUING our March up Hill, we came to a Cell, or Hermitage, hewn out of a rugged Rock, and covered with Roots of Trees; at the Entrance is an ill-ſhaped Stone-table, encompaſſed by a Bench of Turf, and farther in, (*dangerous to ſimple Maids!*) a

moſſy

mossy Bed. --At a small Distance is a rustic Hut, neatly matted round, and towards the Roof are various Figures wrought with small Pebbles and different-colour'd Snail Shells. From hence we pass'd by some Fish-ponds which supply the Cascade, and saw at a small Distance, what appears to be the Ruins of an old Castle; but the Gardiner told us it was a new Erection, but so very artfully form'd as to bear the Marks of great Antiquity; the lower Part of the Building is a Keeper's Lodge; this is near the End of the Park, where scaling the Pales by Means of a double Ladder, we found ourselves on an open barren Mountain, with here and there a few Patches of Fir-trees; this is called *Clent-hill*, and commands a most extensive View over the Country; we seeing from hence the *Wrekin* in *Shropshire* very plain, which is said to be 30 Miles distant; and the black Mountains in *Wales* 50 Miles; *Marven* Hills, and the City of *Worcester*; the Towns of *Kiddermister*, *Stourbridge*, &c. From hence were turned by another Way, and found a new Variety of pleasant Scenes, of which I shall mention but one; At the Top of a large Lawn, which looks down directly on the new House, is fixed a lofty Ionic Column of Stone, erected at the Charge of the late Prince of *Wales*, and will remain a Monument to his Memory.

Thus have I given you a faint Description of a most delightful Place, too slight to form in your Mind, Ideas adequate to its Beauty. Af- three Hours most delightful wandering over this terrestrial Paradise, we returned, unwearied

ried with the Pleasure, tho' sufficiently tired with the Exercise; and mounting our Vehicle, got back to *Birmingham* about Ten at Night.

NEXT Day (*Wednesday*) we went to see an Iron Furnace at a small Distance from *Birmingham*, where the Iron Ore is smelted and run into Pigs. The Furnace is built like a Lime-kiln, and kept continually burning. The Iron Stone or Ore being mixed with a Quantity of Charcoal, is put in at the Top, when falling on other Parts of the same Kind already burning, the Charcoal catches the Fire, and as it burns sinks lower in the Furnace with the Ore; as it descends, the Fire burns fiercer, being continually blown by two Pair of monstrous Bellows, which moving alternately by means of a Water-wheel, throw in a continued Stream of Air, which increasing the Fire in the Charcoal, and the Iron Stone being mixed with it, it melts away into a proper Receiver, and the Dross runs from it in Streams of liquid Fire: When a sufficient Quantity is thus fluxed, the Metal is let out into a wide Frame in the Ground, filled with Sand, which is hollow'd into Trenches of the Shape of the Pigs of Iron, and many Pigs are cast together, joining to a long Middle-piece, call'd *The Sow*.

WE return'd from hence to the Town, and saw the Manufactory of Mr *Taylor*, the most considerable Maker of Gilt-metal Buttons, and enamell'd Snuff-boxes: We were assured that he employs 500 Persons in those

two

two Branches, and when we had ſeen his Work-ſhop, we had no Scruple in believing it. The Multitude of Hands each Button goes thro' before it is ſent to the Market, is likewiſe ſurpriſing; you perhaps will think it incredible, when I tell you they go thro' 70 different Operations of 70 different Work-folks; but ſo we were inform'd; whether it be exactly true or not I cannot affirm, the Number ſeemed to me uncountable; tho' from what dwelt on my Memory afterwards, reflecting on what I had ſeen, I could not find ſo conſiderable a Deficiency as to raiſe a Doubt of the Truth of it.

We were too much ſtraightned for Time to ſee more of the Manufactories of the Town, and were inform'd this was the moſt worth a Sranger's Notice. We din'd at Mr *L——d's*, in the Afternoon we walk'd to his Country Seat, (about two Miles from the Town) which he calls his Farm: It conſiſts of a large genteel Houſe and Gardens, Stables and Out-houſes, which are moſtly new Buildings, very neat and convenient; before the Front of the Houſe is a long ſpacious Lawn, planted on each Side with Rows of Elms, leading to the Road; the Dairy and other Branches relating to the Farm lay at ſome Diſtance from the Houſe, which renders it more cleanly and agreeable: After drinking Tea, we returned, and ſpent the Evening at the Caſtle Club over a *Half-pint and Cheat*. The Company was pretty large, and very chearful; my Companion in particular became extremely joyous; but

but I am afraid we *Londoners* rather encroach'd too much on the Good-nature of our *Birmingham* Friends; for, *Cheat* after *Cheat*, so disorder'd their Oeconomy, and destroy'd their Scheme of Frugality, that in the End neither the Landlord or his Drawers, or any of the Company, could count the Reckoning: so that we either cheated him or ourselves at last.

THIS Morning we took Post-chaise for *Coventry*, accompanied by our good Friends Mr *S. L.* and Mr *T. P.* junrs. We past by several fine Seats, and stopt to bait at the *Bull* Inn at *Meriden*, call'd by the Country People *The handsomest Inn in* England: It is indeed a well-built genteelish House, has a neat Garden, good Fish-ponds, and a tolerable Prospect round it; but its Beauty, I believe, was considerably diminished in my Eye, from the high Opinion I had conceived of it by Hear-say. About Noon we arrived at *Coventry*; and while Dinner was getting ready, took a View of the Town, which consists chiefly of old Buildings of Wood and Plaister, the Stories projecting over each other, like those of *London* built before the Fire. The Cross, so famous for its Workmanship, is almost demolished, the Top being taken down to prevent its falling: It is said to have been erected in the Reign of *Henry* VIII. and was 66 Feet high; what remains at present makes but a mean Appearance, and is not above 16 Feet high. What Pity so fine Sculpture should have

have been beſtow'd on ſuch ordinary Stone as that with which it is built! But being the Produce of the Country, I ſuppoſe they ſought for no other: And not only the Croſs, but the Churches alſo, (of which there are two with magnificent Spires) are built with the ſame ſort of Stone; which being ſandy and porous, the Wind and Rain ſoon penetrate and ſpoil its Beauty.

THE Image of *Peeping Tom*, which projects out at a Window facing the Street that leads to the Croſs, is painted and dreſſed out with a laced Hat, a large Perriwig, a long Cravat, and a Scarlet Coat; and is indeed a very contemptible Figure: 'Tis Pity the ridiculous Legend that firſt occaſioned its being placed there, has not been laugh'd out of Countenance before this Time of Day; but ſo many Subjects of the ſame fabulous Kind, being ſtill preſerv'd in many Towns and Cities of *England*, not excepting *London* itſelf, may plead ſomewhat in their Excuſe. The Reaſon they give for ſupporting this Figure and the annual Farce of a Proceſſion, is grounded upon a Story, that ſometime about the Reign of *Edward the Confeſſor*, one *Leofric*, Earl of *Mercia*, and Lord of that City, being for ſome Cauſe or other offended with the Citizens, laid heavy Taxes on them, ſwearing they ſhould not be taken off, till they could procure a young Damſel to ride on Horſeback naked thro' the City in the Day-time; on this, the good Lady *Godiva*, the fair Daughter of *Thorold*, Sheriff of *Lincolnſhire*,

 agreed

agreed, in order to appeaſe the Wrath of his Lordſhip, ſo to ride, on Condition the Doors and Windows of the Houſes ſhould be cloſe ſhut, that none might be witneſs of her Shame, to which the Earl conſented; but a poor Taylor muſt needs be peeping, for which Wickedneſs he was ſtruck blind: And to perpetuate the Remembrance of the Lady's Charity, and the Taylor's Roguery, his Effigy has ever ſince been fixed up as a Warning to others, how they hazard to pay for their peeping; and the Proceſſion of a Perſon *dreſſed up like a naked Woman*, is continued annually amidſt Thouſands of Spectators.

FROM *Coventry* we ſet forward for this Place, and paſs'd thro' a Town call'd *Kenelworth*, near which are the Ruins of a once very large and ſtrong Caſtle, call'd *Kenelworth-Caſtle*; it being little out of our Way, we alighted and paid it a Viſit. There is ſomething awful and ſolemn, ſomething that ſtrikes the Mind with a ſort of pleaſing Reverence, in approaching, beholding, and reflecting on thoſe Remains of ancient Grandeur! at leaſt it has that Effect on me, and occaſion'd the recalling ſeveral particular Relations in Hiſtory of Tranſactions in this once grand and ſtately Edifice, whoſe ancient Magnificence ſeems ſcarcely yet eclipſed, while ſo noble Ruins ſtill remain: Its Walls of prodigious Height and Thickneſs, tho' now over-grown with Moſs and aged Ivy, and the Floors and Timbers crumbling to Duſt, were once ſo ſtrong

and

and formidable, that in the Reign of *Hen.* III. the Garrison held out a six Months close Siege of the King's Forces, headed by the King himself; and when drove to such Distress and Famine, that they eat their Horses, would not capitulate, but surrendered on their own Conditions. Here *Edward* II. Grandson to *Henry* III. after being deposed by his own Queen, was kept close Prisoner, and afterwards convey'd away in the Night-time, and in an open Field on a Hill between this Place and *Warwick*, which we pass'd over, was set on the bare Ground, and shaved with cold Water out of a nasty Ditch; soon after which he was barbarously murder'd. *Shakespeare* in his historical Plays frequently makes this Place a Scene of Action. I hope you will excuse this Digression, I shall now soon have done.

FROM *Kenelworth* we passed by *Guy*'s Cliff, and soon arrived at *Warwick*, where we were met by Mr *P.* sen. and Mr *J.* who came a nearer Road from *Birmingham*. After refreshing ourselves at the Inn, we went to see the Town, which consists principally of one regular well-built Street, at each End of which is an ancient Gate. The Great Church, called *St Mary*'s, is a fine Structure, a considerable Part of it having been lately rebuilt; it has a large high Tower, which extends so far into the Street as to afford a Thoroughfare for Coaches.

BUT

BUT the most remarkable Thing in *Warwick* is the Castle, which is a grand square Building, standing on a high Rock, at the Foot of whith runs the River *Avon*. The Entrance to the Castle is level with the Town; but the Front toward the River is very high and spacious, little inferior to the North Front of *Windsor* Castle. At one Corner is a lofty round Building, call'd *Guy's Tower*; the other Corners are also adorn'd with Towers, but not equally magnificent. In one of the Out-houses in the *Castle-yard*, we were shewn divers romantic Reliques of the famous *Guy*; such as his Walking-staff, his Spear, his Sword, his Buckler, his Bow, his Spurs, and his Porridge-pot; as likewise the Slipper of that renowned Lady, for whose Sake he undertook and perform'd all his wondrous Atchievements, the *Fair Phillis*: On the Wall is depicted the fierce and bloody Combat between this redoubted Hero and the Giant *Colebrand*: All which fabulous Stuff, tho' some will smile at it, is calculated well enough to make the ignorant Country People stare, and wonder at *Guy's* amazing Strength and Courage.

WARWICK-CASTLE is the Seat of Earl *Brook*, and consists of many grand Apartments most elegantly furnished, particularly in one Room are two Marble Tables of exquisite Beauty, purchased lately in *Italy*. Over the Tables are the Pictures of the late Prince and the Princess of *Wales*, the Frames of which are most richly carv'd and gilt: The

Pictures

Pictures were a Present from the Prince; and the Frames (we were told) cost 500 Guineas. These Apartments are from the Entrance directly level with the Yard; yet the Windows being over the Rock, are of a prodigious Height, and command a fine Prospect of the River, Gardens, and Park, and an extensive View of the Country for many Miles.

To-morrow we shall set our Faces homewards, having taken Places in the *Birmingham* Coach: On *Saturday* Evening I hope to see *London*, and my Friends in Health and Safety; after a Journey which hitherto has proved very agreeable, but not exceeding the Pleasures which are to be found at Home. Thus I conclude my Memorandums of this Journey; and remain,

Most affectionately, Yours, &c.

R. P.

FINIS.